I dined, on my arrival in town, with a large party at the Stratford coffee-house with Hussey,[1] Sheridan, Grey, Dillon, Campbell, and Dr. Geddes of the Bible, and have been since with Manning to Theobald's Lodge—a snug box in a pleasant situation, belonging to Miss Smith.

We passed over a great deal of very beautiful country, interspersed in all parts by the New River, which winds surprisingly, and often unnecessarily, so timorous were engineers in the early part of the last century, and of so little value was the land.

The inside of the Pantheon has been burnt to the ground; the walls are left standing. The new opera - house in the Haymarket is a noble theatre. I went there with Townley to see *Cymon,* which is a stupid pageantry.

I have dined at Hussey's with Madame de Sillery (or, rather, Madame Brulart, for she calls herself by that name now, since titles are abolished in France), Mademoiselle d'Orleans, Pamela and Henriette de Cercy. She desired her kind regards to you. I escorted them next day to Townley's, to see his collection of busts, statues,

&c.

i Catholic Bishop of Waterford.